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Carrell's Carols

Sonnets of Sunshine and Other Poems

Robert R. Carrell

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1910

Carrell's Carols

Sonnets of Sunshine and Other Poems by Robert R. Carrell

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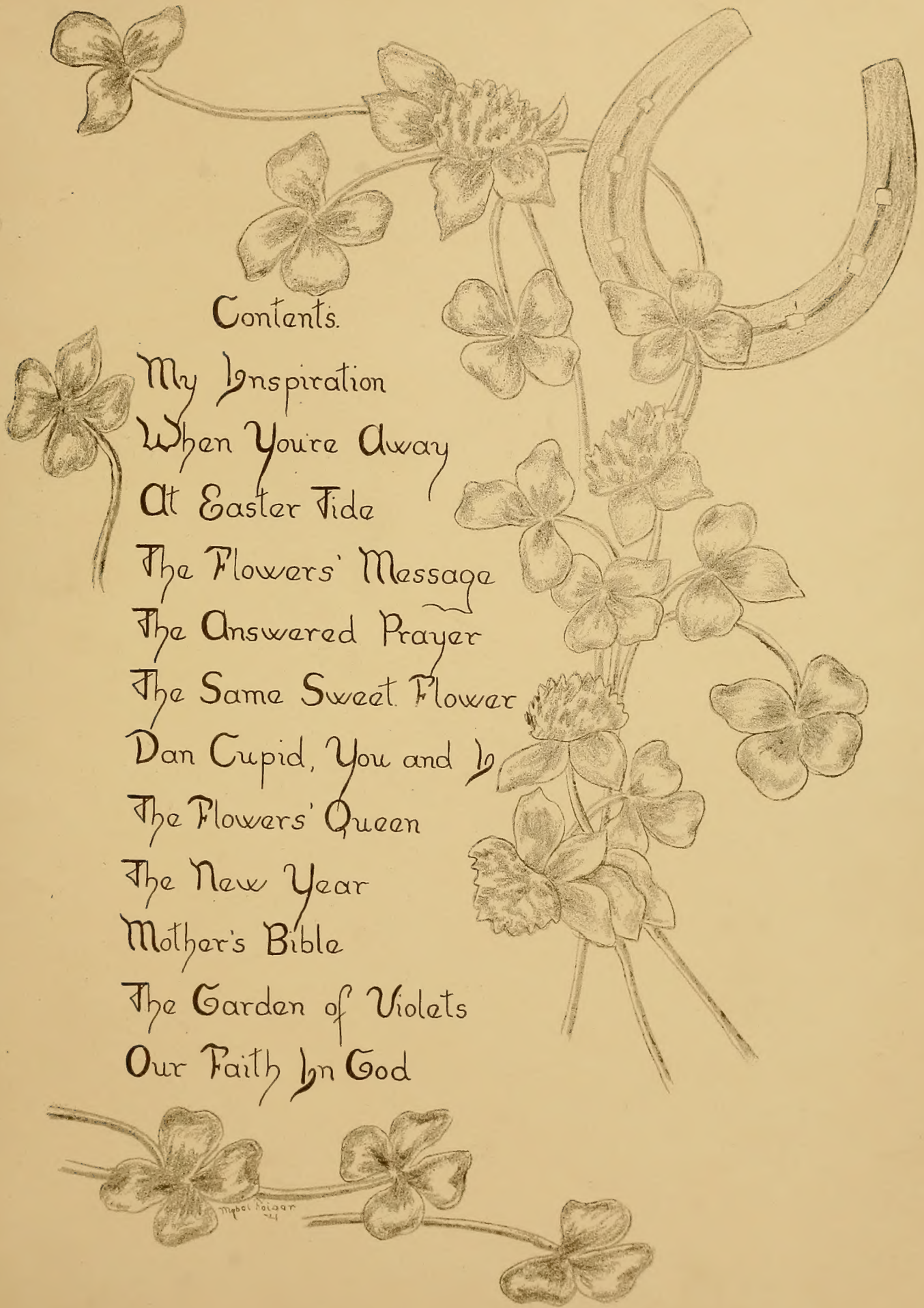

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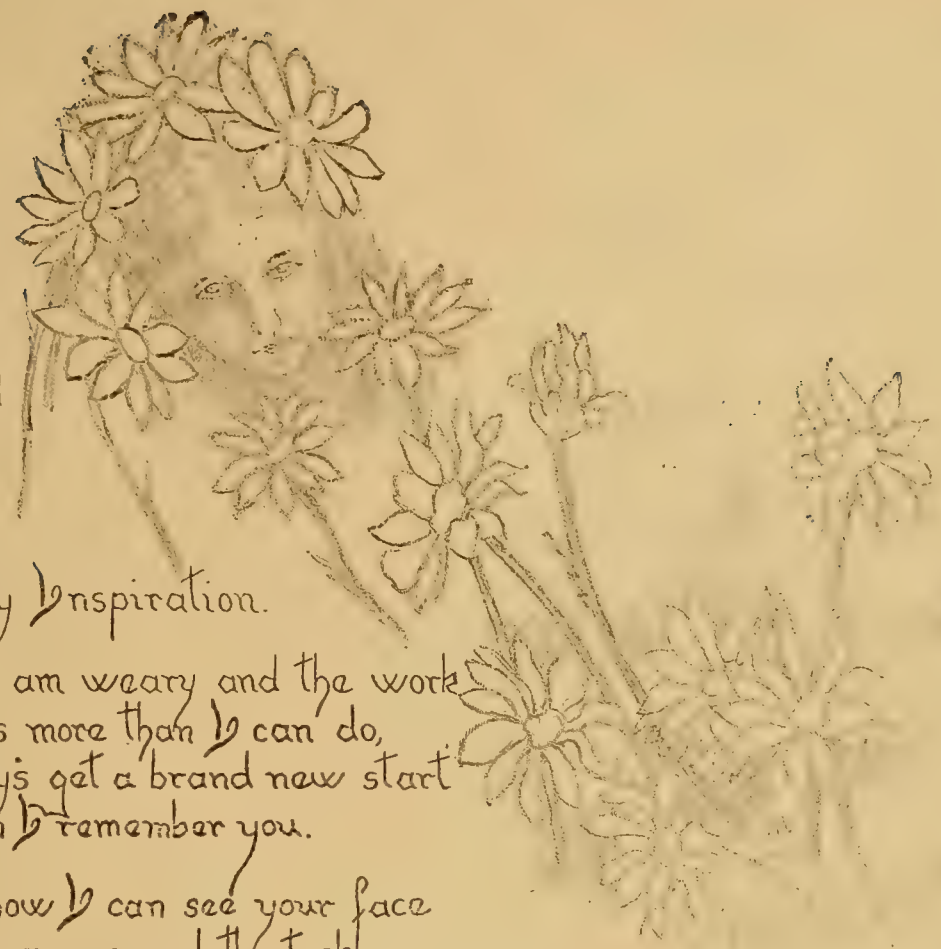


This book is tenderly dedicated to the one who is My Inspiration.

When I am weary and the work
Seems more than I can do,
I always get a brand new start
When I remember you.

For somehow I can see your face
Between me and the task—
And difficulties that seemed there
Quick vanish in the past.

This book is scarcely large enough
To chronicle your worth—
Your patience, goodness and not least
Your wholesome jolly mirth.

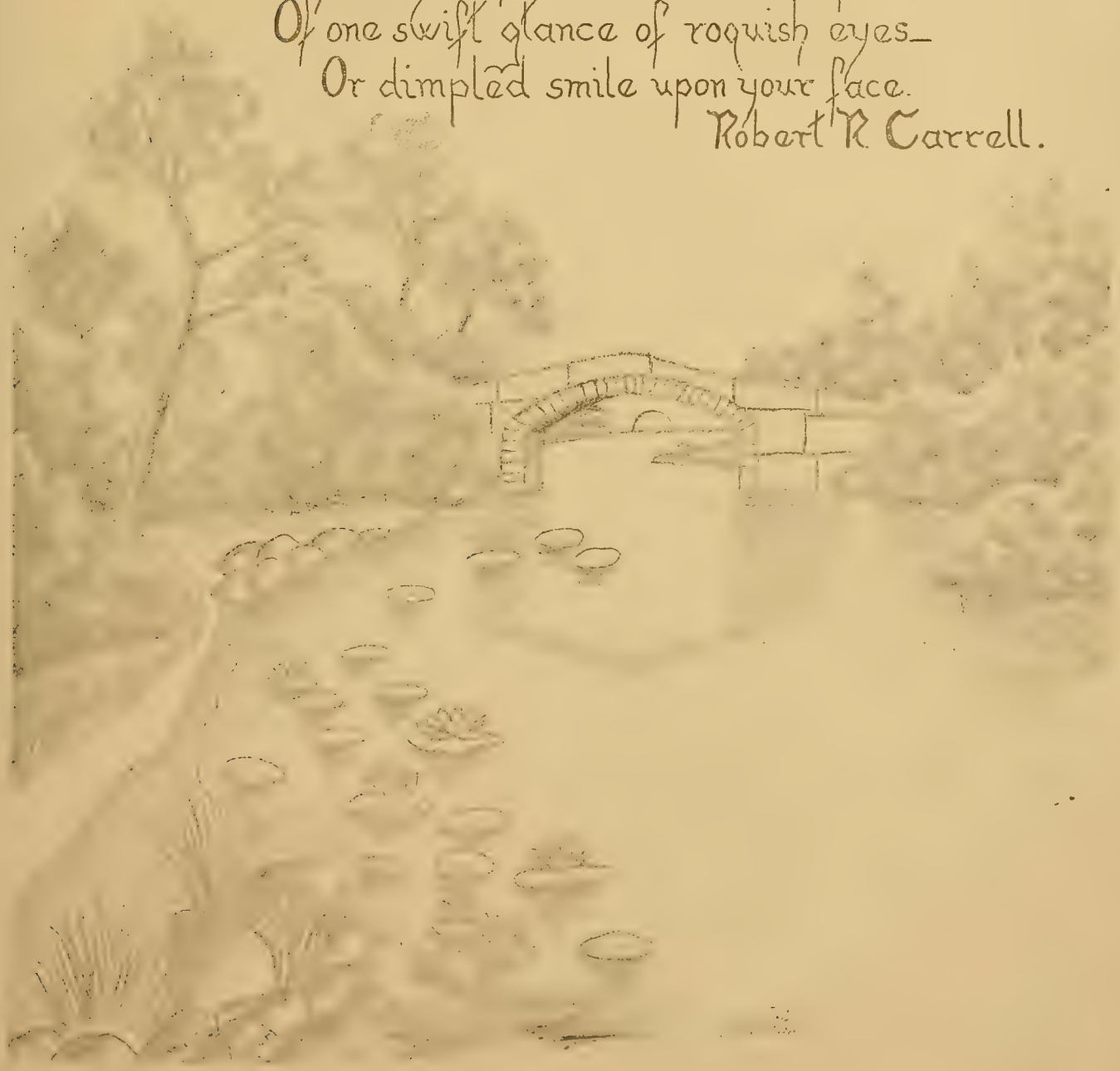
So, tho' the path be rugged, steep—
Or wend through flowery scene,
Your smiling face shall guide me on—
And God shall watch between.

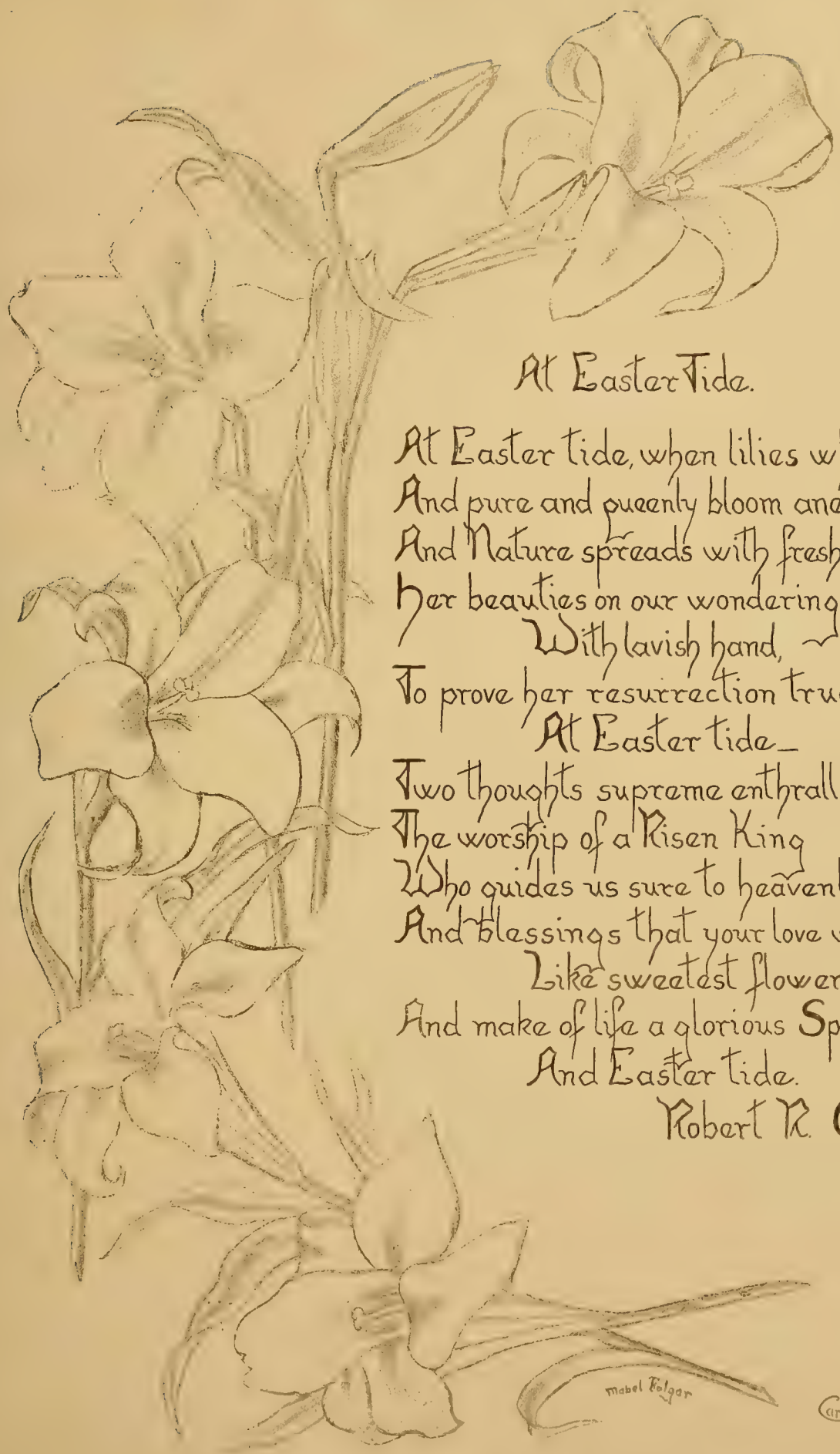
Robert W. Carrell.

When You're Away.

For fields that bloom with lavish flowers,
For azure skies of summer time—
For laughing brooks and shady bowers
And sunsets that he paints—sublime—
For these my heart with yearning sighs,
And yet they can not take the place
Of one swift glance of roguish eyes—
Or dimpled smile upon your face.

Robert R. Carrell.

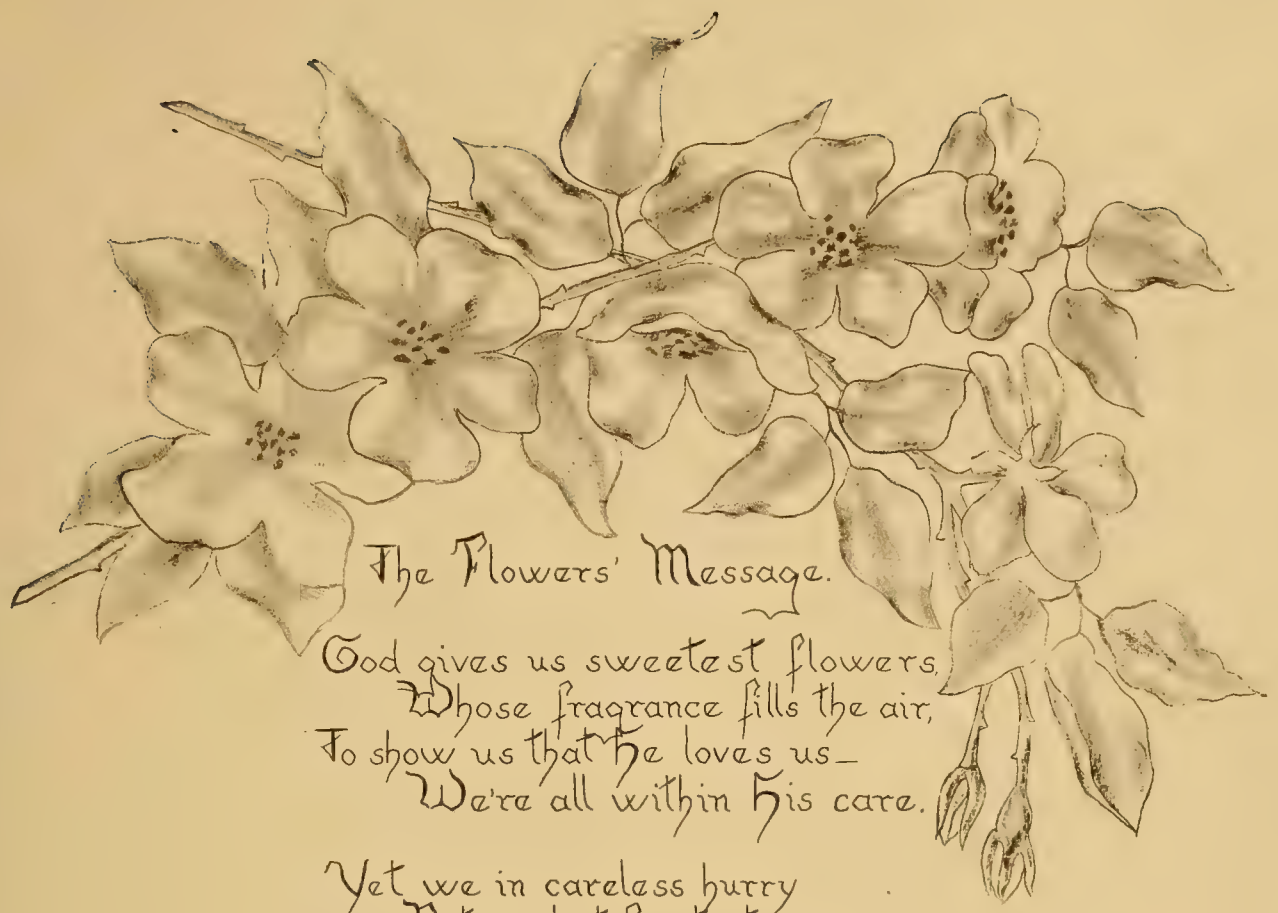




At Easter Tide.

At Easter tide, when lilies white
And pure and queenly bloom anew,
And Nature spreads with fresh delight
Her beauties on our wondering view,
With lavish hand,
To prove her resurrection true—
At Easter tide—
Two thoughts supreme enthrall my soul—
The worship of a Risen King
Who guides us sure to heavenly goal—
And blessings that your love would bring,
Like sweetest flowers,
And make of life a glorious Spring—
And Easter tide.

Robert R. Carrell.



The Flowers' Message.

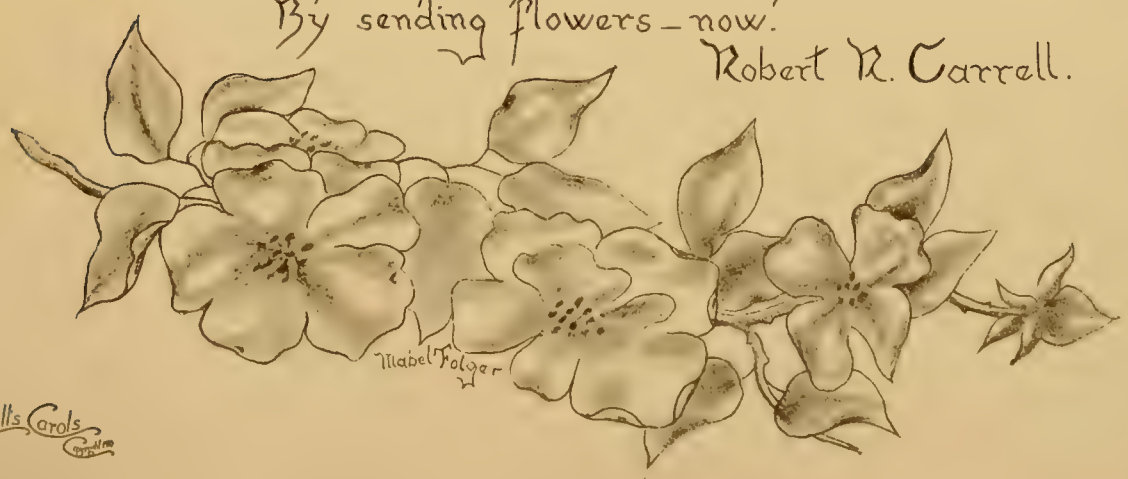
God gives us sweetest flowers,
Whose fragrance fills the air,
To show us that He loves us—
We're all within His care.

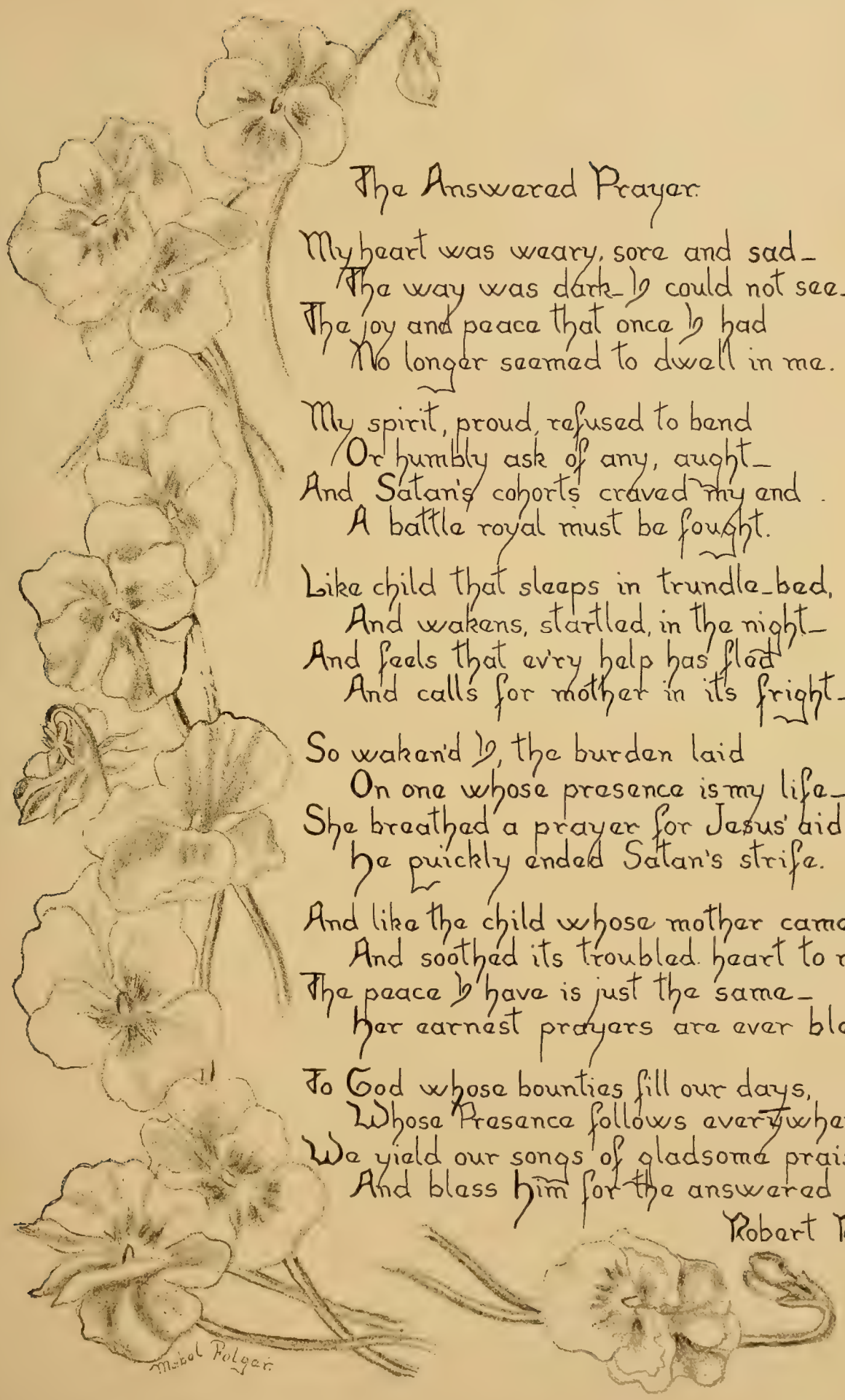
Yet we in careless hurry
Return but faintest praise,
Nor seem to grasp the lesson
He teaches by His ways.

The pure and modest lily,
The ardent, blushing rose,
May cheer the heavy-hearted—
Let's pass them on, to those.

Why wait till death shall linger
Pon dear ones' marble brow—
Let's show them that we love them—
By sending flowers—now.

Robert R. Carrell.





The Answered Prayer

My heart was weary, sore and sad—
The way was dark—I could not see—
The joy and peace that once I had
No longer seemed to dwell in me.

My spirit, proud, refused to bend
Or humbly ask of any, aught—
And Satan's cohorts craved my end
A battle royal must be fought.

Like child that sleeps in trundle-bed,
And wakens, startled, in the night—
And feels that ev'ry help has fled
And calls for mother in its fright—

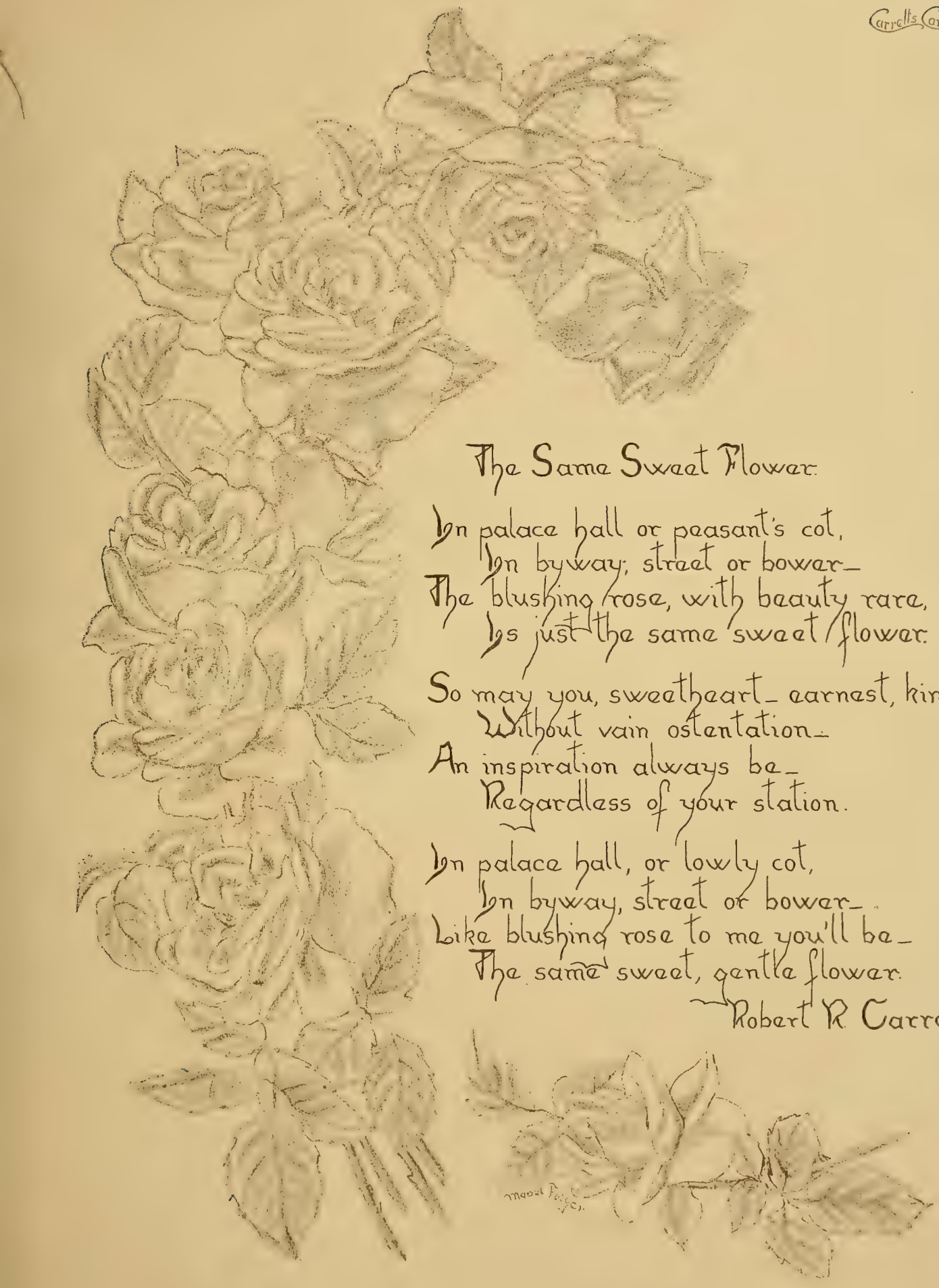
So waken'd I, the burden laid
On one whose presence is my life—
She breathed a prayer for Jesus' aid—
He quickly ended Satan's strife.

And like the child whose mother came
And soothed its troubled heart to rest—
The peace I have is just the same—
Her earnest prayers are ever blest.

To God whose bounties fill our days,
Whose Presence follows everywhere—
We yield our songs of gladsome praise,
And bless Him for the answered prayer.

Robert R. Carrell

Mabel Polger



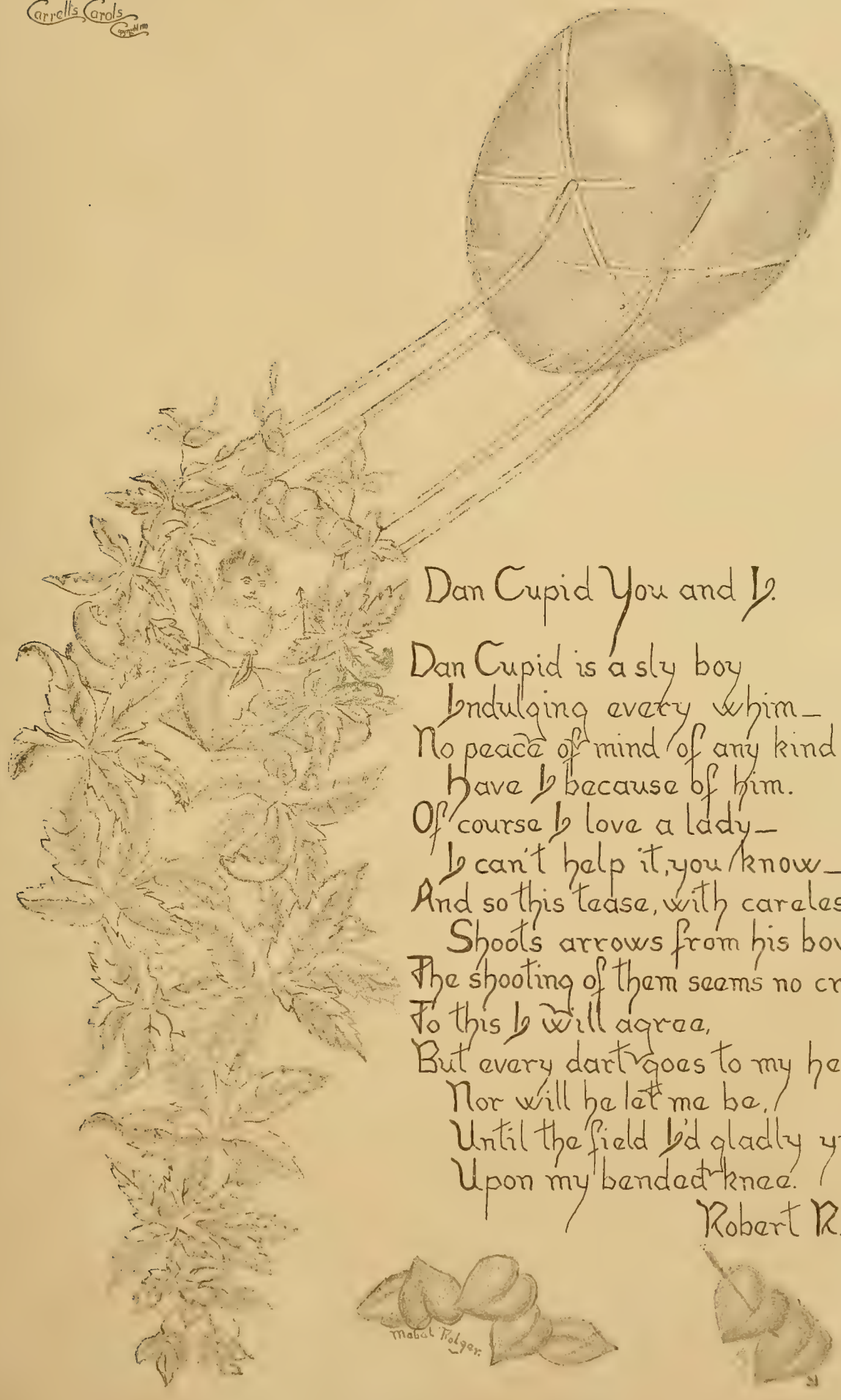
The Same Sweet Flower.

In palace hall or peasant's cot,
In byway, street or bower—
The blushing rose, with beauty rare,
Is just the same sweet flower.

So may you, sweetheart—earnest, kind—
Without vain ostentation—
An inspiration always be—
Regardless of your station.

In palace hall, or lowly cot,
In byway, street or bower—
Like blushing rose to me you'll be—
The same sweet, gentle flower.

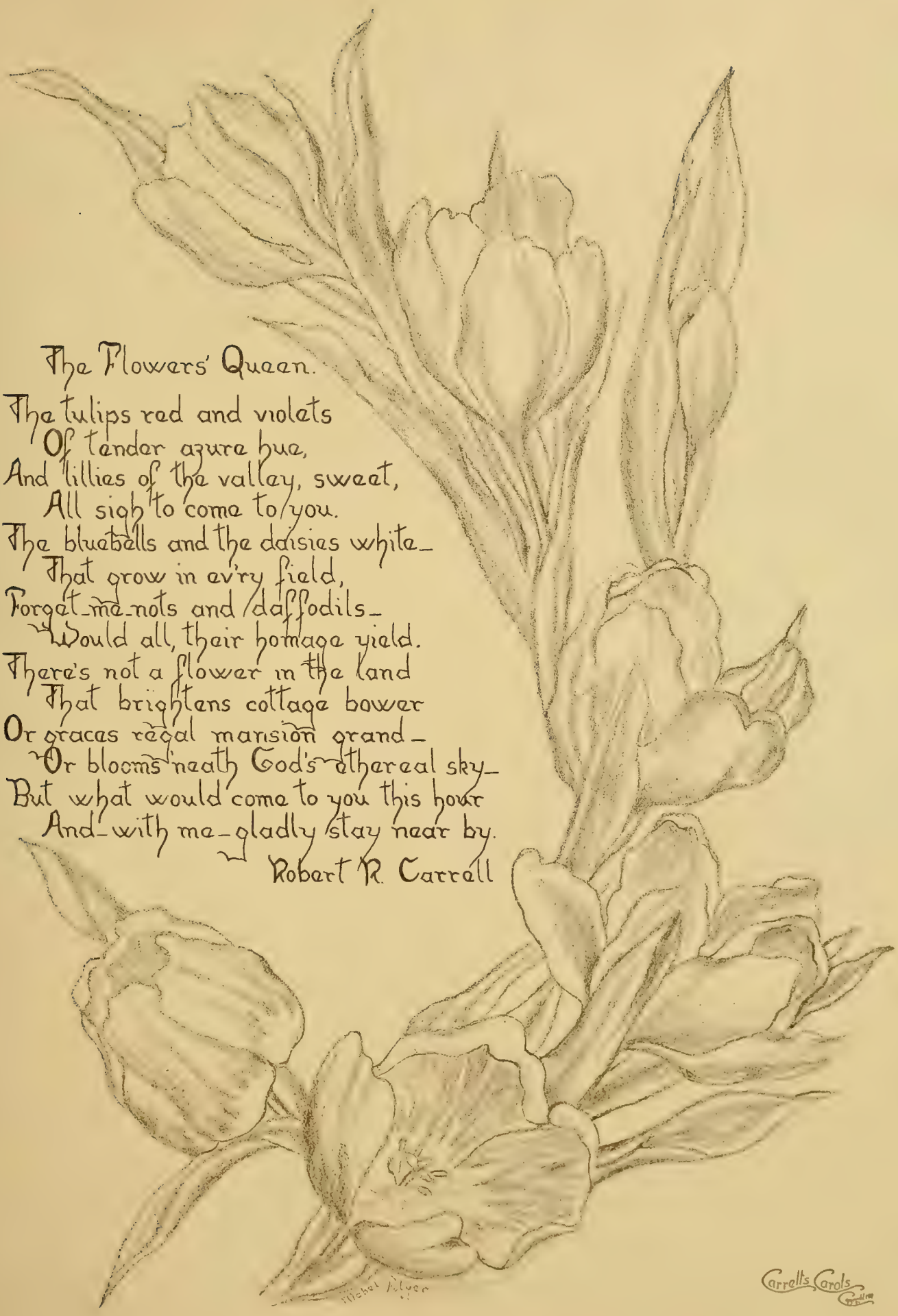
—Robert R. Carrell.



Dan Cupid You and I.

Dan Cupid is a sly boy
  Indulging every whim—
No peace of mind of any kind
  Have I because of him.
Of course I love a lady—
  I can't help it, you know—
And so this tease, with careless ease
  Shoots arrows from his bow.
The shooting of them seems no crime
To this I will agree,
But every dart goes to my heart—
  Nor will he let me be,
  Until the field I'd gladly yield
  Upon my bended knee.

Robert R. Carrell.



The Flowers' Queen.

The tulips red and violets
Of tender azure hue,
And lillies of the valley, sweet,
All sigh to come to you.
The bluebells and the daisies white—
That grow in ev'ry field,
Forget-me-nots and daffodils—
Would all, their homage yield.
There's not a flower in the land
That brightens cottage bower
Or graces regal mansion grand—
Or blooms 'neath God's ethereal sky—
But what would come to you this hour
And—with me—gladly stay near by.

Robert R. Carrell

The New Year.

And now again we face a year
With days like pages white—
Shall it be filled with glad good cheer
Or marred by sorrow's blight?

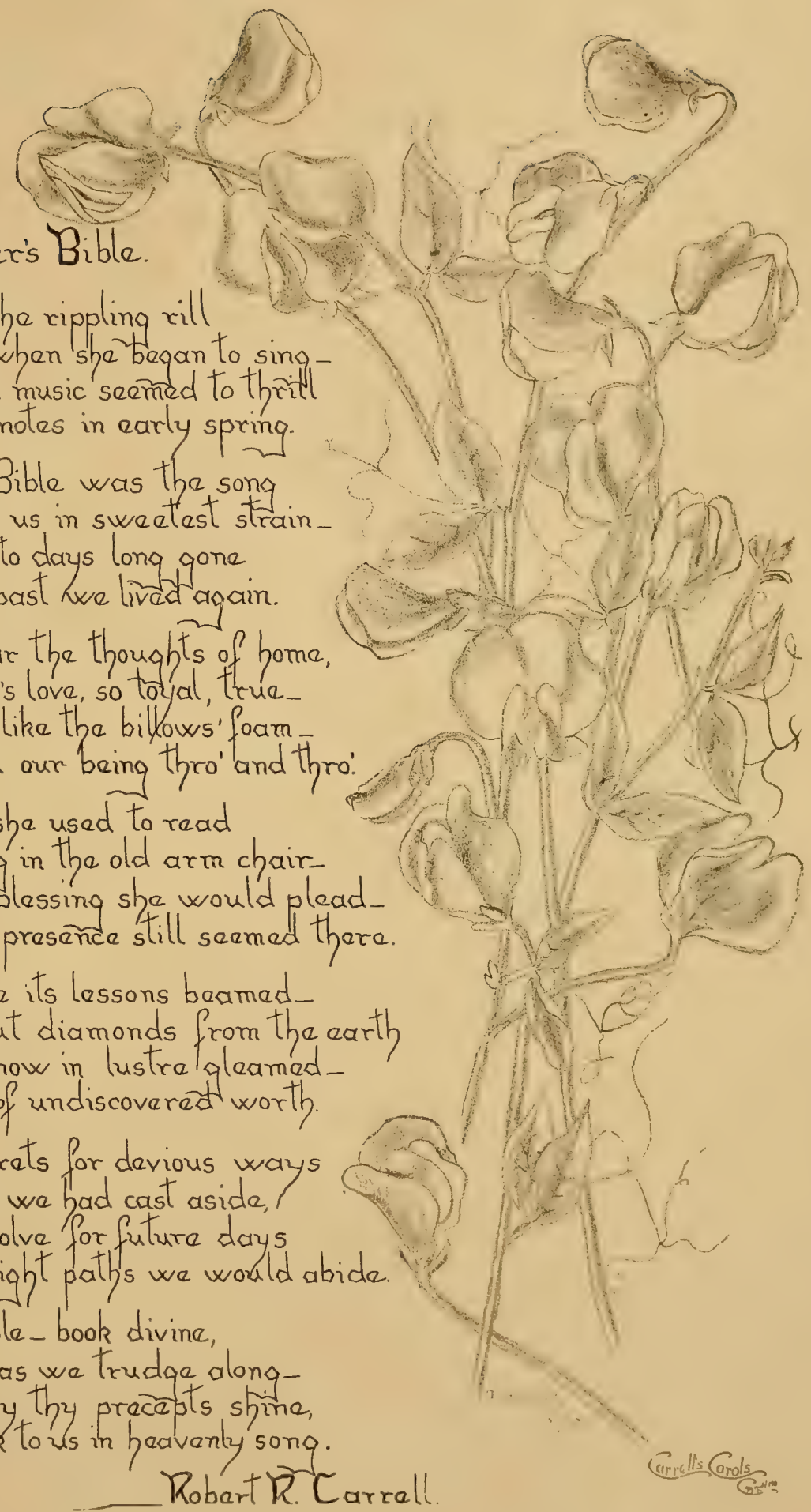
Shall health and riches, hand in hand,
Come down a grassy slope
To meet us on the borderland
And fill our hearts with hope?

Or shall despair, distress, or death
In solemn, somber gown,
Breathe on us with her withering breath
Or smite us with her frown?

Let us take courage from the past,
The future face like men,
Tho joy or sorrow hold us fast
We'll hope—and hope again.

Hope on, for Providence will aid
In time of weal or woe;
Be brave of heart—grasp burdens laid—
Too soon the year will go.

Robert N. Carrell.



Mother's Bible.

The music of the rippling rill
Was lost – when she began to sing –
For words and music seemed to thrill
Like robins' notes in early spring.

Her "Mother's Bible was the song
She sang to us in sweetest strain –
It took us back to days long gone
And in the past we lived again.

In memory dear the thoughts of home,
And mother's love, so loyal, true –
Swept o'er us like the billows' foam –
And stirred our being thro' and thro'.

The bible that she used to read
While sitting in the old arm chair –
Its truth and blessing she would plead –
Her sacred presence still seemed there.

With radiance its lessons beamed –
Like new cut diamonds from the earth
Whose beauty now in lustre gleamed –
Pure gems of undiscovered worth.

With vain regrets for devious ways
And jewels we had cast aside,
We made resolve for future days
That in straight paths we would abide.

Oh, mother's bible – book divine,
Be with us as we trudge along –
In beauty may thy precepts shine,
Brought back to us in heavenly song.

Robert R. Carrell.

Carrells Carols

The Garden Of Violets.

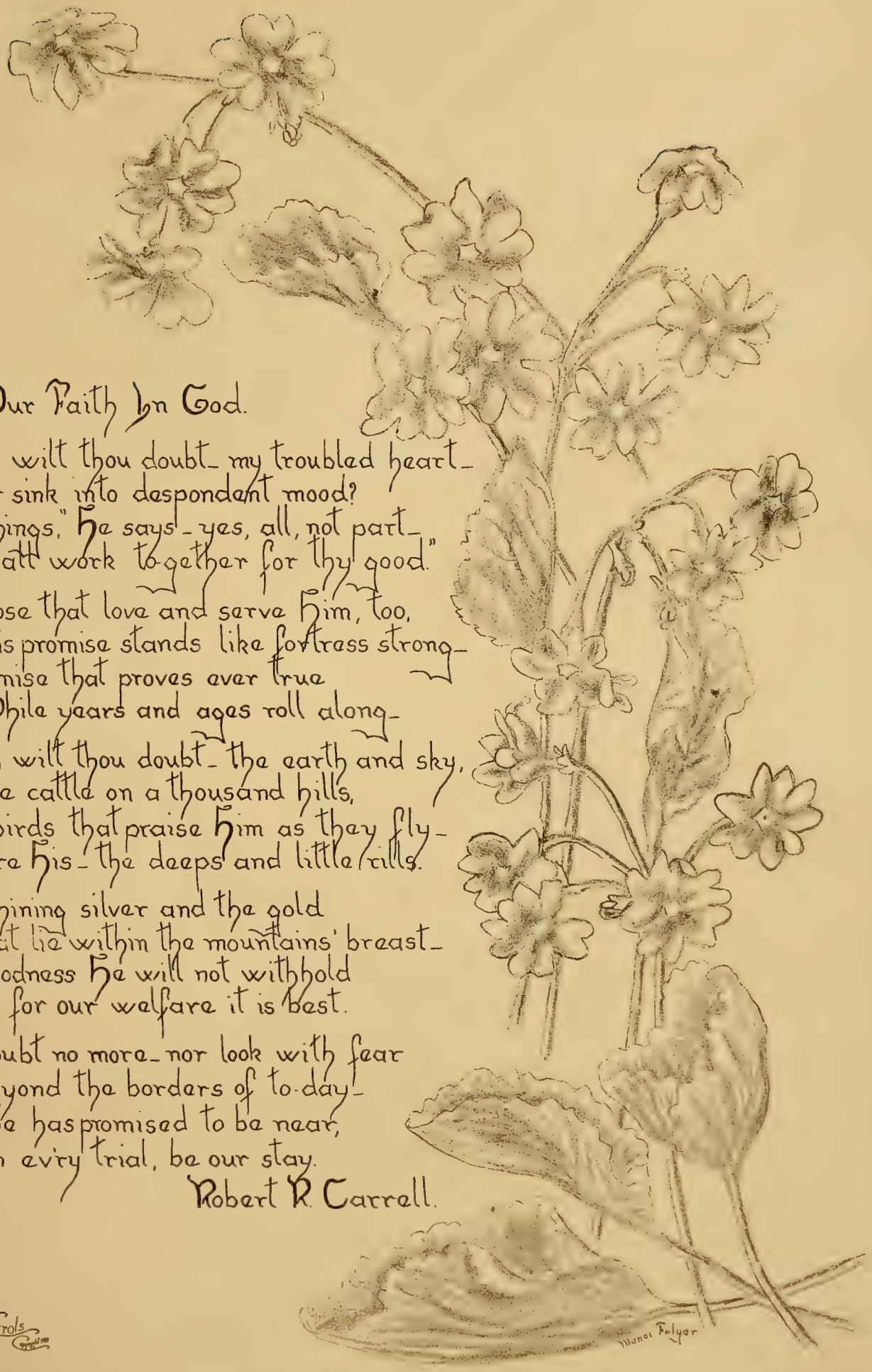
I dreamed of fragrant violets,
A yardful bloomed for me;
And I, the patient gardener,
Each watered lovingly;
And all the little violets
Seemed filled with knowing ways,
And bowed and smiled their thanks to me—
Instead of speaking praise.

Think not that every act you do
To help some brother man
Is lost because he does not stop
To thank you—if he can.
His simple look of gratitude,
The face with joy lit up,
Brings to yourself a sweet reward—
With gladness fills your cup.

So let us as we journey on,
Thro' ever changing scene
Of battlefields and darksome nights,
Find flower-beds between.
A kind act here, a pleasant word,
May ease an aching heart—
Like gentle rain on thirsty flow'r
The joy of heav'n impart.

Robert R. Carrell.

Carrolls Carols



Our Faith In God.

Why wilt thou doubt, my troubled heart,
Or sink into despondent mood?
"All things," He says, yes, all, not part,
"Shall work together for thy good."

To those that love and serve Him, too,
This promise stands like fortress strong—
A promise that proves ever true
While years and ages roll along.

Why wilt thou doubt, the earth and sky,
The cattle on a thousand hills,
The birds that praise Him as they fly—
Are His, the deeps and little rills.

The shining silver and the gold
That lie within the mountains' breast—
In goodness He will not withhold
If for our welfare it is best.

So doubt no more, nor look with fear
Beyond the borders of to-day,
For He has promised to be near,
In ev'ry trial, be our stay.

Robert R. Carrell.

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